

Fawcett Publication

# Monte Hale

## WESTERN



January

**10¢**

NO. 44



**TWO-FISTED,  
TWO-GUN  
ACTION!**

EXTRA  
**GABBY  
HAYES**



A Fawcett Publication

BIG 52 PAGES

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**TWO-FISTED,  
TWO-GUN  
ACTION!**

EXTRA  
**GABBY  
HAYES**



...s the sun indoors  
**Swell Snaps at night!**



Slip on a Flashholder, pop in a bulb—you're all set to make big, clear, exciting flash shots—indoors at night. Shoot with Kodak Verichrome Film and you'll get beauties. You'll use this round-the-clock camera for all sorts of nighttime occasions. Everyone will want to be in the pictures you make! Everyone will be taking "How did you get 'em?"



**IT'S A DANDY OUTDOOR CAMERA, TOO!**

Uncloosen two screws—slip off the Flashholder and presto—it's a daytime camera! You can take it anywhere with you—and it's so easy to use! You just focus, aim, and press the button. And when you see what big, sharp album-size pictures you get, you'll never want to be without it!



**YES, IT EVEN MAKES COLOR SHOTS!**

Use Kodacolor Film—outdoors in bright sun or indoors with flash bulbs—and you get wonderful big pictures that shine with color! They're perfect for all the extra-special occasions that call for extra-special pictures!

## **BROWNIE FLASH SIX-20 CAMERA**

Has two-position focusing, adjustable shutter that's fixed for flash, plunger-type shutter trigger. And it's only \$13.13. Flashholder \$2.98. At your Kodak dealer's...

### **FREE NEW BOOK**

Written just for you! "It's a SNAP" tells how to make swell pix, day, night, indoors or out. Write John Van Guilder, Room 802, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, N. Y.

*Prices include Federal Tax*

*"Kodak" and "Brownie" are trade-marks*

# ROCKY LANE

takes to the air!

SEE ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE, famous cowboy star, in Republic's wide-open new thriller: "Bonds, King of Texas" at your local theatre.

WE'LL GET THROUGH WITH THE PAYROLL... LET'S GO BLACK JACK!

**WANTED FOR MURDER**



**DOG FACE MOONEY**  
PAYROLL BANDIT

GOT THE PAYROLL IN MY SADDLE BAG—AN EXTRA CARNATION MALTED UNDER MY BELT! WATCH THAT NARROW BRIDGE, BOY!

DYNAMITE'S ALL SET, DOG FACE! WE'LL BLOW THEM AND THE BRIDGE SQUY HIGH!

AND CATCH THE PAYROLL ON THE WAY DOWN!

THAT SHE BLOWS! NOW TO GET THE PAYROLL



BUT SENSING DANGER, ROCKY PULLS UP, LASSOS THE TREE—AND SWINGS THROUGH THE AIR!

JUMP BLACK JACK! YOU CAN MAKE IT ALONE. I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD.

THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO! MAN, YOU NEED CARNATION MALTED MILK POWERS FOR THIS FLYING TRAPEZE WORK!

YIPPEE! HERE'S ROCKY LANE! HE CAPTURED THE OUTLAWS AND SAVED THE PAYROLL!

WASNT ONLY THE PAYROLL! I HAD MY JAR OF CARNATION MALTED IN MY SADDLE BAGS, TOO!



TWO FLAVORS  
Chocolate and Natural  
In fluffy 1-oz. jars.

IT'S A GRAND-TASTIN', MUSCLE-MAKIN' DRINK, PARDNERS! YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN LIKE I DO! JUST GET YOUR MOM TO BUY A JAR OF CARNATION MALTED TODAY FROM YOUR GROCER. PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE!

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LE RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN  
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines  
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*



# MONTE HALE

## in Overland to Oregon

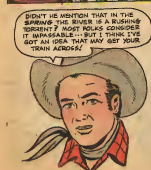


ONWARD THEY STRUGGLED  
—THE VALIANT PIONEERS  
WHO TOOK THE OVERLAND  
ROUTE TO OREGON! THERE  
WAS A SELF-SACRIFICING  
COURAGE, UNDAUNTED BY  
TREMENDOUS ODDS --- BY  
THE ATTACKS OF HOSTILE  
INDIANS, BY TORRENTIAL  
RIVERS OR BY TOWERING  
MOUNTAIN RANGES! THERE  
WAS AN UNFORGETTABLE  
CHAPTER IN THE BUILDING  
OF AMERICA --- A CHAPTER  
THAT MONTE HALE WAS  
PROUD TO HAVE PART IN  
WRITING!

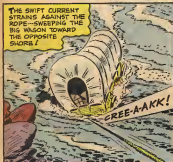
HIGH IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,  
A LONE HORSEMAN  
RIDES DOWN A STEEP TRAIL!

PARDNER, THIS IS ABOUT  
THE WILDEST COUNTRY  
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.  
I'D BE WILLING TO BET  
THERE ISN'T A WHITE  
MAN WITHIN A  
HUNDRED MILES  
OF US!

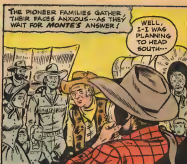
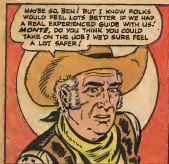












# MONTE HALE WESTERN

THROUGH THE WEARY WEEKS THAT FOLLOW--



MONTE HALE GUIDES THE PRAIRIE SCHOONERS..

---SHOOTS GAME FOR FOOD---



---AND AT NIGHT, BY THE CAMPFIRE, HE PLAYS AND SINGS OLD SONGS OF THE WEST!



THERE ONCE WAS A TEXAS RANGER  
HIS NAME WAS MUSTANG GRAY  
HE LEFT HIS HOME WHEN BUT A LAD  
WENT A-RANGING FAR AWAY.

OH, MONTE,  
YOU'VE GOT THE NICEST VOICE!

THEN, ONE DAY, AS MONTE RIDES BACK TO THE TRAIN FROM A SCOUTING TRIP---



MONTE!  
WE WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU!

WHAT  
IS IT, GENTS?

JUST THIS, HALE! THIS TRIP  
IS TAKING TOO LONG! FOLKS  
AREN'T SATISFIED THAT YOU'RE  
TAKING US THE FASTEST ROUTE  
POSSIBLE! WE'VE GOT TO REACH  
OREGON BEFORE THE END  
OF THE SUMMER!



I'M TAKING YOU THE  
FASTEST ROUTE  
I KNOW OF,  
JARED!

THAT'S WHAT  
I THOUGHT! BUT  
BEN HERE SAYS HE'S  
FIGURED OUT A  
MORE DIRECT  
TRAIL!

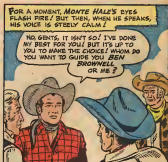
THAT'S  
RIGHT!

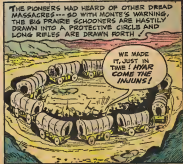


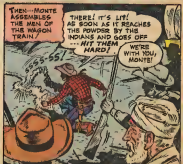
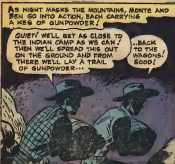
SEE THIS? IT CUTS RIGHT  
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS--  
THIS TIME THERE'LL BE NO  
RIVER IN OUR PATH!!



HAS BEN BROWNELL  
REALLY FOUND A BETTER  
ROUTE THAN MONTE'S?

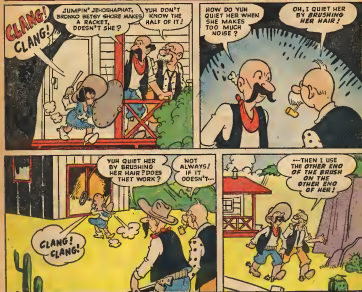








## BRONKO BETSY BRUSHOFF!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., AS REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF MONTE HALE WESTERN, published weekly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1934.

Date of Circulation: 1934.  
City of Publication: Greenwich, Conn.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Pawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of MONTE HALE WESTERN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the publication, as shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 597, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Pawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Wendell Crowler, Ridgewood, N. J.; Managing Editor, Ralph Douth, Mission, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Pawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Pawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Pawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Barr, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Pawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Pawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. H. Pawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; M. A. Pawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Pawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. F. Pawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Pawcett, Trask, Greenwich, Conn.; M. H. King, Newark, Cal.; Gloria Lewis, Oakland, Cal.; V. F. Telle, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Roberts, Seattle, Wash.; Pawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the statements set above, giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the full names of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all such knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 10,000 (This information is required from daily publications only).

GORDON PAWCETT,

Business Manager,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1934.

[Notary]

LILLIAN M. HUBBLEY,

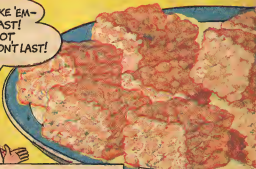
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1935.)



# Rice Krispies Marshmallow Squares

KIDS! YOU MAKE 'EM-  
MIX 'EM FAST!  
MAKE A LOT  
'CAUSE THEY DON'T LAST!



Kids - make  
this 'Quickie' Candy

## **RICE KRISPIES MARSHMALLOW SQUARES** YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD "GOOD" IS, UNTIL YOU TASTE 'EM!

1...Cook together over  
hot water:

½ cup butter or  
margarine  
½ lb. marshmallows  
(about 2½ doz.)

When syrupy, add  
and beat in:  
½ teaspoon vanilla



2...Into greased large  
bowl, pour:

1 box Kellogg's Rice  
Krispies (3½ oz.)  
Add marshmallow  
mixture. Mix well.

3...Press mixture into  
greased shallow pan.  
Cool. Cut in 2½"  
squares...24  
crunchy pieces from  
9" x 15" pan.



4...Eps as your break-  
fast cereal, always!

Tell mom how you  
go for Kellogg's Rice  
Krispies! It's fun to  
hear 'em snap-  
crackle-pop in milk!  
And a swell way to  
start a zippy day!

**Kellogg's**  
**RICE**  
**KRISPIES**

**MOTHER KNOWS BEST!**





# WOLVERINE'S TRAIL

A GRAY HAWK Story

By Dick Kraus



**Y**OUNG GRAY HAWK threw the net from him with a graceful motion of his slender, bronzed arm. Then, pulling easily against the tug of the current, he drew the net toward him. As it emerged, dripping, from the surface, the Indian boy smiled to see that it was filled with wriggling, silvery fish.

"Enough fishing for one night!" he exclaimed to himself. "My mother will bake these in the embers of the fire and my father will be pleased!"

Suddenly, he paused, head half-twisted. There was a sound downstream, a gentle, lapping sound that he had not heard before! He waited, motionless, eyes exploring the stretch of water that even now was growing dim, in the oncoming twilight.

Far in the distance, he saw a tall, hulking warrior wading upstream, bucking the driving current. On his shoulder, the man carried a long, canvas-wrapped burden. Approaching the bank opposite Gray Hawk, he clambered out of the water. In a moment, he was lost among the trees.

The son of the Otapi chief waited a few moments. Then he waded across the stream himself, and moved down to where the stranger had disappeared.

"Here is his print in the wet sand," He traced the marking with his finger. "He is a big man—as big as the Wolverine!"

The Wolverine was a member of the Piute tribe who had left the lodge of his fathers, and now lived as an outlaw in the forest. He was ruthless and cruel, a deadly foe, and he preyed on the white man and the Indian alike!

Spying a few strung beads that had been caught on a thorny bush, Gray Hawk quickly retrieved them and slipped them in his pouch. Then he turned.

"My father and the elders of the Otapi must know of this!" he exclaimed. "If the Wolverine is lurking in our land, no good can come to our people!"

**F**OR AN HOUR, he dog-trotted swiftly through the dark green aisles of the forest. Coming out on a ledge above the Otapi camp, he saw his father and several elders standing before the council fire. Facing them were three white men, each bearing a rifle.

One of them was shouting angrily, "I tell you, Gray Eagle, someone broke into the trading post at Baker's Mill and made off with six fine Sharps rifles! And the varmint was a red-skin! We saw his moccasin tracks leading into the forest!"

Gray Eagle's face was troubled, but he lifted a calming hand.

"This may be so, my friend. But it was not one of my braves. We Otapi live at peace with the white man. We would not rob him!"

"Maybe so!" the buckskin-clad rider grunted.

"But he was an Indian—and you're the only Indians in these parts. So we're holding you responsible, Gray Eagle! Get back those rifles . . . or your tribe is going to be in a mess of trouble!"

With that, the three riders wheeled their horses and galloped away from the Otapi camp. As they vanished in the darkness, Gray Hawk slipped up to his father's side and caught his arm. "My father," he began, "I was fishing by the water's edge . . ."

The chief looked at his son angrily. "Do you not see that we have important business?" he asked. "Why do you bother us with your fishing?"

The boy waited for a moment, then began again.

"I was fishing by the water's edge. As I was about to return to camp, I saw a man crossing the stream below me. He was bearing a load on his shoulder. He was a tall, strong man. I found his tracks where he entered the forest—and there I saw these, caught on a bush!"

He held out the strung beads in his palm. His father glanced at them.

"These appear to have the design of the Piute tribal. But what of that?"

"The Piute?" Gray Hawk said eagerly. "This man—might he not have been the Wolverine? He is a Piute. And only he would dare to steal a white man's rifles like that! Let us follow him and find out!"

Gray Eagle shook his head slowly. "No, my boy," he said. "I do not think it was the Wolverine you saw. He is said to be many miles away in the land of the high mountains. The man you saw was probably a Piute brave carrying venison back to his squaw. We will not follow him."

With disappointment, Gray Hawk listened to his father.

But that night, he could not sleep. Rising at last, he slipped noiselessly out of the tepee and hurried into the forest. Tomahawk and knife attached to his belt, he sped along the forest trails until he reached the spot along the river's edge where he had last seen the track of the mysterious, tall stranger.

**F**OOT by foot and yard by yard, he trailed the prints through the forest. At times they were clear and visible on open stretches of ground. Sometimes they were so faint that he could only trace them with the sensitive tips of his outstretched fingers. Sometimes he lost them entirely on rocky soil and he had to circle, like a hunting dog, to pick them up again.

At last, as the first rays of the sun were beginning to lighten the eastern skies, Gray Hawk looked up to see the dark opening of a cave, half hidden on a hillside behind a luxuriant growth of creepers. The tracks led straight toward it, and disappeared into it.

Gray Hawk hesitated for a moment. Then he clutched his tomahawk tightly.

"I have come this far," he resolved. "And I will not stop now!"

Cautiously, bent low, he entered the dank, dark cave.

At first he could see nothing. Then, as his eyes became used to the dark, he moved slowly forward. Around a bend in the passage, he suddenly stopped short. For there, lying before him, was a canvas-wrapped package—the same that had been on the shoulder of the man crossing the stream.

He reached forward and pulled back the canvas. His hands touched cold, hard metal!

"The rifles!" he exclaimed.

Suddenly a harsh, grating voice echoed his words.

"Well done, stripling! The rifles! But they are my rifles now and you will never tell of where you found them!" Gray Hawk whirled. There, facing him, with his brawny arms blocking the entrance to the cave, was the Wolverine. Half-crouched, the huge Piute warrior was laughing in mirthless triumph. "I knew you were following me, so what better place could I lead you to than this? And now—"

Without warning, he lunged forward at Gray Hawk.

Desperately, the boy struck with his tomahawk. But it hit the Wolverine's shoulder a glancing blow, scarcely hurting him. The next moment, Gray Hawk felt himself seized and dashed against the rough cave wall. Heart pounding furiously in his chest, he saw his implacable foe coming toward him, gleaming knife held high in the air.

"No!" Gray Hawk gasped. He twisted away and dove for the Piute brave's ankles. But he was cruelly kicked in the side. And, as he lay on the floor of the cave, half stunned, he saw the Wolverine lift the knife again.

But even as he recoiled from the cruel weapon, Gray Hawk heard a whistling sound and saw a feathered shaft hiss through the air, and bury itself in his enemy's arm! The Wolverine clutched at it, dropping his knife.

Gray Hawk stared unbelievably at the cave entrance. There he saw his father, holding his mighty bow. Behind him were several of the Otapl braves. Through the forest they had come, and they had saved his life!

"Father—you followed me!"

**G**RAY EAGLE inclined his head. "If my son is willing to spend a night in the forest on a wild goose chase, I must do the same!" He looked at the rifles lying by the cave wall. "So it was the Wolverine you saw. He broke the white man's law . . . and, we will take him back so he can suffer the white man's justice!"

THE END

*Gray Hawk's adventurous exploits appear in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN!*



WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

PUT MORE OPPORTUNITY IN YOUR FUTURE...  
BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS REGULARLY!



REMEMBER: DON'T SAVE WHAT'S LEFT AFTER SPENDING! SPEND WHAT'S LEFT AFTER SAVING!

# MONTE HALE

## and THE ORPHAN'S RETURN!

I WON'T STOP TILL I FIND THE MEN WHO KILLED YOU, DAD, AND SEE THAT THEY'RE PUNISHED!

GOOD BOY, KEN! I'LL STICK WITH YOU!

KEN SCOTT traveled across the country to find out who killed his father--and to avenge his death! But when the show-boy came, he was just one boy against a band of gun-smart outlaws! Ken didn't stand a chance, until roving MONTE HALE heard his story--and then the sparks began to fly!

~ HERE LIES ~

IN THE WESTERN TOWN OF SHADY DRAW...

NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR HORSE'S HOOF... JUST A LOOSE NAIL! I'LL FIX IT PRONTO!

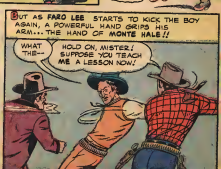
THANKS, FRIEND! TELL ME, WHERE CAN I STAY THE NIGHT IN TOWN?

WELL, YOU CAN STAY AT THE RANSOM HOTEL... OR THE RANSOM LODGE... OR THE RANSOM INN!

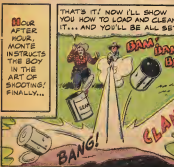
NOT MUCH CHOICE THERE! DOES THIS FELLOW RANSOM OWN THE WHOLE TOWN?

JUST ABOUT! HE OWNS THE HOTELS, THE BANK, THE MINE, AND HALF THE RANCHES! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THERE HE GOES NOW... HUGH RANSOM!

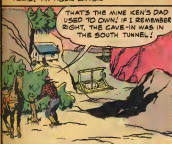
BLACKSMITH







**MONTE REINS PARTNER ALONG A TWISTED TRAIL! AN HOUR LATER--**



THAT'S THE MINE KEN'S DAD USED TO OWN! IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, THE CAVE-IN WAS IN THE SOUTH TUNNEL!



SO FAR, SO GOOD. HOPE THAT GUARD DOESN'T SPOT ME! THE ELEVATOR WOULD BE TOO NOISY, SO I'LL GO DOWN THAT ROPE!

THEY'VE CLEARED AWAY MOST OF THE RUBBLE, BUT THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE CAVE-IN SHAFT! I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE LOG SUPPORTS DOWN THERE!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THESE TIMBERS WERE DELIBERATELY WEAKENED--SAWED IN HALF! JOHN SCOTT'S DEATH WAS NO ACCIDENT!



**B**UT AS MONTE TURNS FROM THE SCENE OF THE CAVE-IN...

THE GUARD! HE'S SPOTTED ME! THE BOSS TOLD ME TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOU, HALE! RECKON THERE'LL BE ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN THE SHAFT...

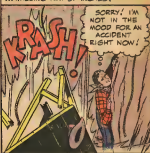


...WHEN THIS ELEVATOR HITS YOU!

**SNAP**

**D**ELIBERATELY, THE GUARD RELEASES THE HEAVY ELEVATOR! IT HURLS DOWN TOWARD MONTE...

...MISSING HIM BY INCHES!



SORRY! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR AN ACCIDENT RIGHT NOW!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE TOP FAST... AND THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BEST WAY TO DO IT!



HE SURPRISED GUARD DRAWS HIS GUN, BUT THE GIANT COWBOY IS TOO SWIFT FOR HIM!



SWIFTLY, MONTE TIES HIM UP!

HOW COME THERE'S NO ONE ELSE AROUND THE MINE?? TALK FAST, MISTER!

I'LL TALK! THEY WENT WITH THE BOSS AND FARO LEE TO PICK UP SCOTT'S KID! THEY FIGURED IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO LEAVE HIM AROUND LOOSE!



THEY'VE GONE AFTER KEN! C'MON, FARD! WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO WASTE!



BACK AT THE CAMP...

MARKS OF A TUSSELE! THEY'VE GOT THE BOY ALL RIGHT! BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR...



...SO LET'S FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL!



MILES AWAY, AT THE ENTRANCE TO A DEEP GORGE!



FARO LEE SPIES MONTE!

RANSOM! LOOK!  
IT'S HALS!BANG!  
BANG!

GRAZED ME!

BUT NOW MONTE'S  
GUN RINGS OUT!

BAM!

HE GOT FARO! I'M NOT  
THROWING LEAD AGAINST HIM!

AAAGHH!

BAH! YOU COWARDS!  
I'LL HAVE TO PLUG  
HIM MYSELF!BUT AS RANSOM FIRES,  
YOUNG KEN SCOTT HEAVES  
ON THE ROPE ATTACHING  
HIM TO HIS SADDLE!

WHAT THE—I'M FALLING!

RECKON  
THIS IS  
THE  
LEAST  
I CAN  
DO FOR  
MONTE!NICE GOING,  
KEN! SO  
THEY  
ROUNDED  
YOU UP  
AFTER  
ALL!  
I TRIED TO  
HOLD THEM  
OFF WHEN THEY  
JUMPED ME,  
BUT FARO LEE  
SHOT THE GUN  
OUT OF MY HAND!I SEE! EVIDENTLY  
THEY WERE AFRAID YOU'D  
FIND EVIDENCE TO PROVE  
RANSOM WAS BEHIND YOUR  
FATHER'S DEATH. BUT I'VE  
ALREADY FOUND PROOF THAT THE  
CAVE-IN WAS RIGGED!  
AND WHEN WE EXAMINE  
THE MORTGAGE PAPERS, I  
KNOW WELL HAVE ENOUGH  
EVIDENCE TO PROVE RANSOM  
AND HIS GANG  
GUILTY... AND  
TO SEE THEM  
PUNISHED BY  
THE LAW!

**THE  
MAN  
FROM  
TEXAS**

# MONTE HALE

OUTLAWS,  
MONTE! THEY'VE  
GOT US  
SURROUNDED!

HOLD ON TO  
YOUR HAT, TEX!  
WE'RE GOING  
THROUGH!



**T**EX BRODIE hailed from the Lone Star state, and according to him he was a rooting, tooting, hi-faluting gun-toter! There was only one way to test the Texan's courage, and that was for him to ride with MONTE HALE against the guns of the ruthless Crothers gang!

**I**T IS A LAZY, QUIET AFTERNOON IN THE KANSAS TOWN OF BROKEN FOOT!

CLEAR, SEEMS LIKE NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BROKEN FOOT ANYMORE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BIG JIM! I RECKON PROGRESS JUST PASSED US BY!



**S**UDDENLY!

EEE-YIPPEE!

CLEAR THE WAY!

**BANG! BANG!**

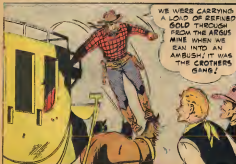
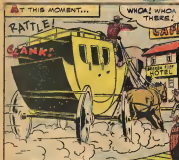
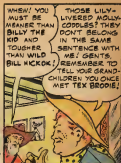
WHAT'S THAT??



I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT SEEMS WE GOT A VISITOR!

YOU SURE HAVE! GENTS, MEET TEX BRODIE... PRIDE OF THE LONE STAR STATE!





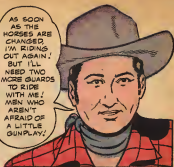
THE WOUNDED MEN ARE TAKEN TO A DOCTOR, THEN....

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, MONTE? THE CROTHERS GANG WANTS THAT GOLD AND THEY WON'T GIVE UP NOW!

I KNOW IT, BUT I'VE CONTRACTED TO GET THE GOLD SHIPMENT THROUGH AND I WILL!



AS SOON AS THE HORSES ARE CHANGED, I'M RIDING OUT AGAIN! BUT I'LL NEED TWO MORE GUARDS TO RIDE WITH ME! MEN WHO AREN'T AFRAID OF A LITTLE GUNPLAY!



YOU HEARD HIM, GENTS! MONTE NEEDS SOME HELP! WHO'LL VOLUNTEER?



THERE IS SILENCE FOR A LONG MOMENT, THEN BIG JIM GEER STEPS FORWARD!

I'M WITH YOU, MONTE!

THANKS, JIM! WHO ELSE?



MONTE, WE'VE GOT JUST THE HOMBRE FOR YOU! HIS NAME IS TEX BRODIE AND HE'S AS TOUGH AS A DEN OF WILDCATS! HE ADMITS IT HIMSELF!



HOW ABOUT IT, BRODIE? WILL YOU RIDE WITH ME THROUGH THE CROTHERS GANG? IT'LL BE DANGEROUS!

D-DANGEROUS? THAT D-DOESN'T BOTHER ME! DANGER EATS ME--UH, I MEAN, I EAT DANGER!



OF COURSE I'M WITH YOU! LET'S GO!

GOOD! CLIMB ABOARD, JIM AND TEX, AND MAKE SURE YOUR GUNS ARE LOADED!



MOMENTS LATER, THE COACH RUMBLES OUT OF TOWN!



READY FOR TROUBLE, UN-  
FELLOWS?  
SURE AM, MONTE!  
WHY, YES, OF COURSE!



BETTER SNAP OFF YOUR  
SAFETY CATCH, THEN,  
TEX! IT WON'T SHOOT  
THE WAY IT IS!  
UP! I FORGOT!  
THANKS, MONTE!



SOON THEY ARE HIGH IN  
THE MOUNTAINS, WITH A VIVID  
SUNSET PAINTING THE SKIES  
BEHIND THEM!



THEN!  
AN EXPLOSION!  
WHOOOAAA!!  
EASY THERE!

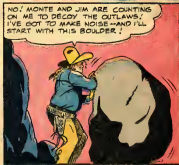
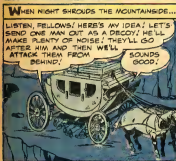


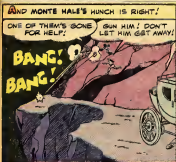
BOOM!  
ANOTHER ONE!  
THEY'VE BLASTED THE TRAIL FRONT  
AND BACK! WE'RE  
CUT OFF!



BANG!  
BANG!  
IT'S AN AMBUSH!











I-I'M RAY CROTHERS! W-WH- GIVE UP! WE SURRENDER!

KEEP YOUR GUN ON THEM, JIM! I'LL LOOK FOR BRODIE! HOPE HE ISN'T HURT!



I'M ALL RIGHT, MONTE! AND I BROUGHT ALONG A COUPLE OF OUTLAWS WHO TRIED TO SLIP AWAY!

NICE GOING, TEX!



MONTE-- ABOUT THAT NAME! I'VE GOT TO CONFESS TO YOU! I'VE BEEN LYING ALL ALONG! I--DIDN'T DO ALL THOSE THINGS I BOASTED ABOUT! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A GUNFIGHT OR RIDDEN WITH THE RANGERS. I'M I'M NOT EVEN FROM TEXAS! I'M FROM BACK EAST!

SHUCKS, I GUESSED THAT FROM YOUR ACCENT! YOU DIDN'T SOUND LIKE A TEXAN! BUT WE GAVE YOU A CHANCE AND YOU TOOK IT AND MADE GOOD! SO FROM NOW ON, YOUR OFFICIAL NAME WILL BE TEX BRODIE!

AND ANYONE WHO QUESTIONS IT WILL HAVE TO ARGUE WITH MONTE AND ME!



SOURCES ARE MADE...NOT BORN! AND TEX BRODIE IS CERTAINLY ONE HOMBRE WHO EARNED HIS NICKNAME THE HARD WAY!

# QUIZ

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR MARINES?

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:

5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT-4 CORRECT, GOOD-3 CORRECT, FAIR-2 CORRECT, POOR.

1 CHIN MUSIC MEANS PEOPLE TALKING.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_

2 DRAGON BACK: THE BACK OF A DRAGON.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_

3 EIGHT BALL: A DUMB MARINE.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



4 EAR BANGER: A YES-MAN.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_

FALSE \_\_\_\_\_

5 DING HOW MEANS O.K.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



ANSWERS:

1. TRUE, 2. FALSE, 3. TRUE, 4. TRUE, 5. TRUE. CROSSED THE 180° MERIDIAN. HAS

-Hi Fellows! The **NEW**

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Catalog is Ready



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DIESEL LOCOS-  
and the marvelous  
DIESEL SWITCHER**

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of the DIZZY, DATTIN' DUO  
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OZZIE and SABS



THE CASE OF THE  
50 YEAR OLD CLUE

DETECTIVE SAM SPADE IS INVESTIGATING A KIDNAPPING. HIS ONLY CLUE IS THE RANSOM NOTE WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF WALL PAPER.

I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR FROM MY BOTTLE OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, BABY! QUIET NOW!

DRUMHELL HUMPHRETS

# Adventures of SAM SPADE

Harold Duff who plays Sam Spade in "The Adventures of Sam Spade" on CBS Sunday evenings can now be seen with Yvonne De Carlo in "Colonel Jess and Sam Spade", a Universal International picture in Technicolor.

WHY SAM...  
I'VE NEVER SEEN  
YOU WITH YOUR  
HAIR DOWN  
BEFORE



HERE, SAM—GOT IT AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE.

HOLD IT, FELLOWS. I CAN'T LOOK LIKE A HERO WITH-OUT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ON MY HAIR.

HOW DO YOU EVER SUSPECT THAT OLD HOUSE, SAM?

JUST A HUNCH! THAT RANSOM NOTE WAS WRITTEN ON 50 YEAR OLD WALLPAPER AND THE OLD DWIS MANSION HAS BEEN CLOSED SINCE 1903.



SAM SPADE ASKS:  
**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE  
FINGERNAIL TEST?**



TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, SOFT SCALES, YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. HAIR TONIC, NON-ALCOHOLIC—CONTAINS SOOTHING LAMOLIN.



EFFIE SAYS:



SAM DADS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR PREVENTING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. NOTHING FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.

# GABBY HAYES

ON THE MAIN STREET OF RAINBOW MAY BE SEEN (AND HEARD) GABBY HAYES.

I WAS THE MOST DARING, MOST FEARLESS TONY EXPRESS RIDER THAT EVER FORKED A SADDLE!



INSIDE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE,

LISTEN TO GABBY TALK!



SINCE GABBY CLAIMS TO BE SUCH A GREAT TONY EXPRESS RIDER, I'LL SEND HIM TO THE GOVERNOR WITH A MESSAGE.

CAN YOU TRUST HIM, MAYOR? HE'S SURE TO LOSE IT!



WELL, IT'S ONLY A BIRTHDAY GREETING, BUT IT'LL PLEASE THE GOVERNOR. IT'LL BE WELL TO KEEP ON THE GOOD SIDE OF HIM IF HE'S RE-ELECTED.



GABBY!

AT YOUR SERVICE, MR. MAYOR!



THIS MESSAGE MUST GO TO THE GOVERNOR. PRONTO!



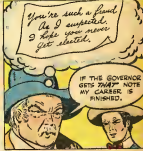
I'LL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE.



THE MESSAGE WILL GO THROUGH!

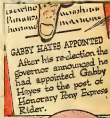


UNNOTICED, THE MESSAGE FALLS THROUGH GABBY'S SHIRT TO THE FLOOR.





# MONTE HALE WESTERN



## MONTE HALE SINGS FOR YOU!



HEAR YOUR FAVORITE COWBOY SING ONE OF HIS OWN SONGS AND DELIVER A PERSONAL MESSAGE TO YOU ON HIS HIGH-FIDELITY, LAMINATED PLASTIC RECORDING! IT PLAYS AT LEAST 500 TIMES ON STANDARD PHONOGRAPHS!

ONLY 10¢ AND EACH RECORD INCLUDES A FULL-COLOR PICTURE OF MONTE HALE!

SEND THIS COUPON AND 10¢ TO GET YOURS TODAY!

ON  
SNAP-  
SOUND  
DISCS!

MONTE HALE  
P.O. BOX 1125  
STUDIO CITY, CALIF.

DEAR MONTE:  
PLEASE ENCLOSE ME MY SNAP-  
SOUND RECORDING OF YOUR SONG!  
I ENCLOSE 10¢ IN COIN!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# MONTE HALE'S Cowboy Songs



**T**HIS POPULAR OLD BALLAD TELLS THE STORY OF THE PARTIES OF MEN WHO RODE OUT ONTO THE GREAT PLAINS TO KILL THE BUFFALO FOR THEIR HIDES. THEY SLAUGHTERED THE HELPLESS BEAST BY THE THOUSANDS, SKINNED THEM, AND LEFT THEIR BODIES ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE FOR THE BUZZARDS AND CROWS TO PICK. OF THE MANY VERSES OF "THE BUFFALO SKINNERS" THAT MONTE HALE KNOWS, HE HAS CHOSEN JUST A FEW THAT TELL THE STORY!



## THE BUFFALO SKINNERS

"Two's in the town of Jacksboro in the spring of seventy-three,

A man by the name of Crego came stepping up to me,  
Saying, "How do you do, young fellow, and how would  
you like to go

And spend one summer pleasantly on the range of the  
buffalo?"

It's now our outfit was complete—seven able-bodied men,  
With navy six and needle gun—our troubles did begin;  
Our way it was a pleasant one, the route we had to go,  
Until we crossed Pease River on the range of the buffalo.  
Our food it was buffalo hump and iron wedge bread,  
And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo robe for a bed!  
While skinning the blamed old critters, our lives they  
had no show,

For the Indians waited to pick us off from the hills of  
Mexico.

Oh, it's now we've crossed Pease River and homeward  
we are bound,

No more in that awful country shall ever we be found.  
Go home to wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go,  
For God's forsaken the buffalo range and the blamed  
old buffaloes!

## MONTE HALE

## BATTLES the BUZZARD

THE BUZZARD IS A BLACK, OMINOUS CREATURE WHOSE VERY APPEARANCE IS A SYMBOL OF DEATH! THE SMALL WONDERS THAT THE COWBOYS OF BIGHORN VALLEY ARE ALARMED WHEN A MAN-SIZED BIRD OF THIS DESCRIPTION APPEARS AMONG THEM! IT IS THEN THAT MONTE HALE HAS TO FIGHT FOR HIS VERY LIFE WHEN HE HEARS THE SWOOPING, DEATHLIKE WINGS OF THE HUMAN BUZZARD!

MONTE HALE RIDES INTO TOWN SINGING AN IMPROVISED SONG —

PARDNER, WE'D BETTER FIND A JOB TODAY...  
OR I'LL BE DOWN  
— BESIDE YOU, EATING HAY!

CAFE

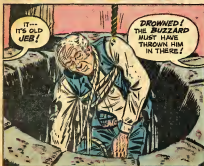
U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

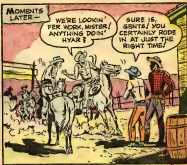
—AND THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER! ANY JOBS IN THESE PARTS?

RECKON YOU COULD GIT WORK IN BIG-HORN VALLEY, STRANGER... IF YOU'RE NOT SCARED!

















WITH THEIR LEADER JAILED, THE RUSTLER GANG IS EASILY ROUNDED UP BY MONTE AND THE SHERIFF! AND THE BUZZARD, WHO LIKED TO SWING FROM A ROPE---WILL SWING FOR THE LAST TIME!



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GIRLS!**

**HURRY!** BE THE FIRST TO GO  
ROARING BY WITH A WONDERFUL

**CHUGGA-  
MOTA!**

SOUNDS LIKE A  
REAL MOTORCYCLE

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CHUGGA  
**CHUGGA!**  
CHUGGA



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WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS  
ARE THE BEST THINGS  
I EVER TASTED!

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